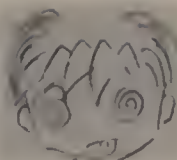




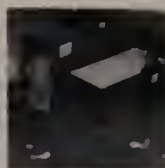
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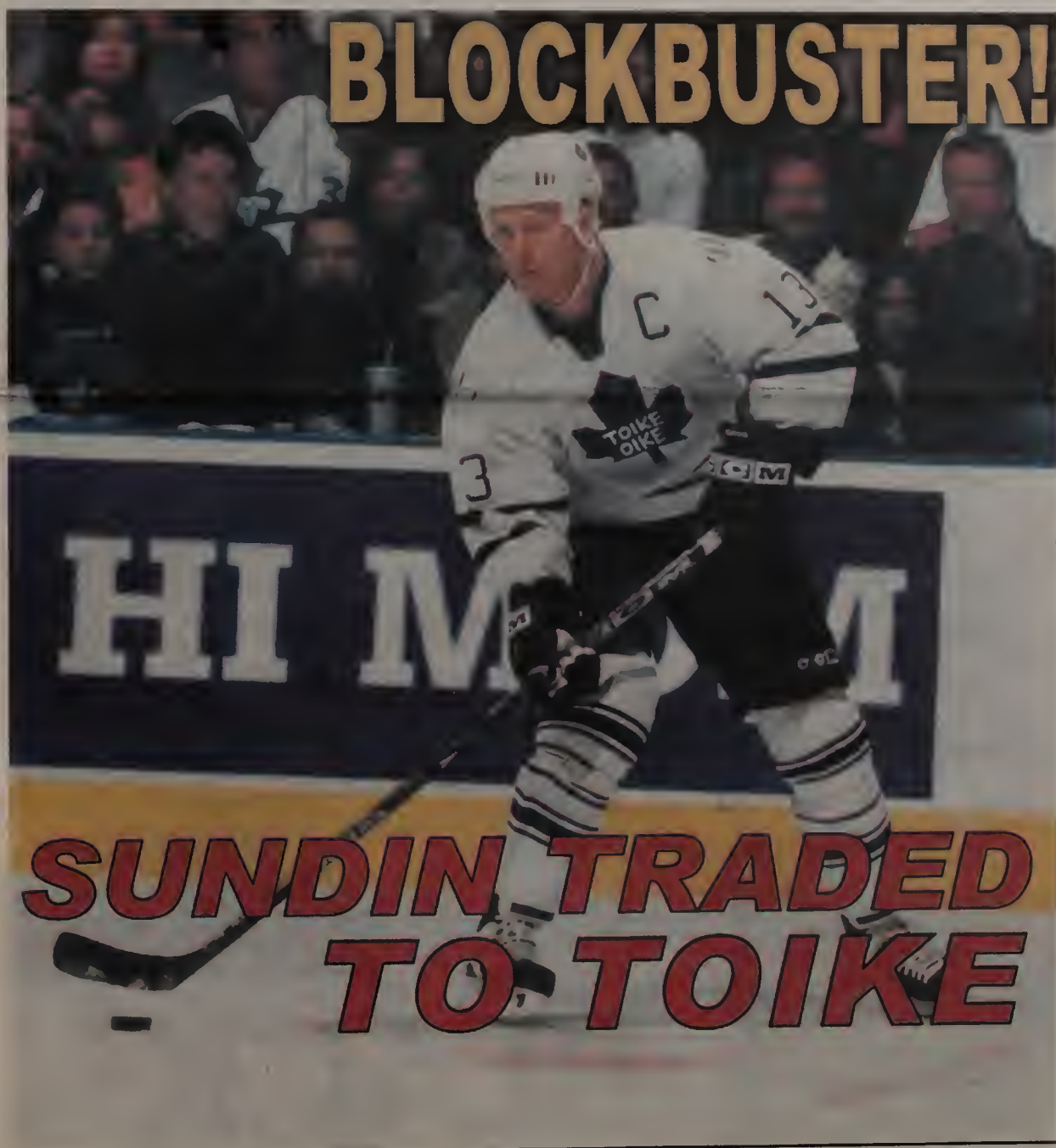
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The Toike Oike

Volume XCVI - Issue II, 2002

Est. 1911

The best tasting paper at the University of Toronto



EDITORIAL

THE LADYBUG - A TRULY NOBLE BUG

The Ladybug is one of nature's finest insects. A saviour to farmers and agriculturists, a delight to the common naturalist, the Ladybug can't help but enchant.

One of the most useful of all bugs, the Ladybug enjoys dining on other inferior bugs such as aphids, whiteflies, and spider mites. For this reason, many farmers enjoy the company of Ladybugs, for they bring righteous justice to the farmers' crops.

With its beautiful markings, the Ladybug delights friends and foes alike with its attractive spectrum of colours. If there happened to be a tiny insect beauty-pageant, could there be any other winner than the Ladybug? No, no there couldn't. Have you ever heard someone exclaim, "Oh, look at this cute little earwig! He's so cute!"

Did you know that a Ladybug's wings flutter 85 times a second? Well they do, so there.

If ever there was an absolute (or constitutional) monarchy established for bugs, then surely the Ladybug would be at the top, sovereign of this bug nation, most likely holding a tiny bug scepter and maybe a little bug crown. All insects would bow down to the might, power, and beauty of the Ladybug.

The Ladybug: truly a king (or queen) among bugs!

This is what I would have written about two years ago before we had that crazy infestation of ladybugs that swept across Ontario like a hurricane. Those damn things were everywhere, and they were so overpopulated that the ladybugs even resorted to cannibalism in an attempt to survive. I hate those bugs now.

So fuck you, ladybug, fuck you.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I was pleased to see your comic Quid Pro Quo in the first issue of the Toike Oike last month. It's so refreshing to see young students promoting academia. However, could you please double-check your conjugation? It is a shame to promote incorrect usage of the beautiful language that is Latin.

PROFESSOR MICHAEL ROBBINS

I will conjugate my Latin in any fucking way I fucking please. Do you think the \$7 English-Latin book I bought at Chapters covers conjugation? Well, it does. But do you think I have the time to learn about Latin conjugation? Well, I do. But do you think I'm too fucking lazy to learn Latin conjugation? Well, I'm not. So fuck off. Fuck-nut.

As a mother trying to update her education, I find it quite insulting to see how some students at this university seem to have so much time on their hands that they can waste it on some banal student

humour paper. I have taken it upon myself to start my own publication, which I would rather not name at this time. I hope you like it, because I'm going to shove it down your throats, I'm going to shove it down your mailbox, and I'm going to shove it down your stands.

MARIA SWANSON, EDITOR - FUNBOYZ PRESS

I thank you for your input. It is unfortunate that you are not pleased with our publication. I sincerely hope we can resolve our differences as we go forward. In regards to your concerns, please make sure you shove your papers at a 45 degree angle.

The Toike is great. How come you don't deliver to our campus?

ROSS BALGETTI, ERINDALE CAMPUS

Do you think we have time to send our paper to the ends of the earth just to increase our readership by one or two hundred percent? Screw you, Ross. Fuck-nut.

To submit a letter: (1) Include full name, address, and favourite colour. (2) Be brief - keep letters under 200 words. The Toike Oike reserves the right to edit for length, clarity, and The American Way. toike@skule.ca



The Toike Oike

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DISCLAIMER

The Toike Oike is a humorous newspaper. By newspaper I mean a publication, usually issued daily, weekly (or monthly), containing current news, editorials, and usually advertising. By humorous I mean a quality of imagination which gives to ideas an incongruous or fantastic turn, and tends to excite laughter or mirth by ludicrous images or representations. Any resemblances between anything in the Toike and anything in the real world are completely coincidental. The opinions expressed do not reflect anyone's. Please do not sue the Toike Oike.

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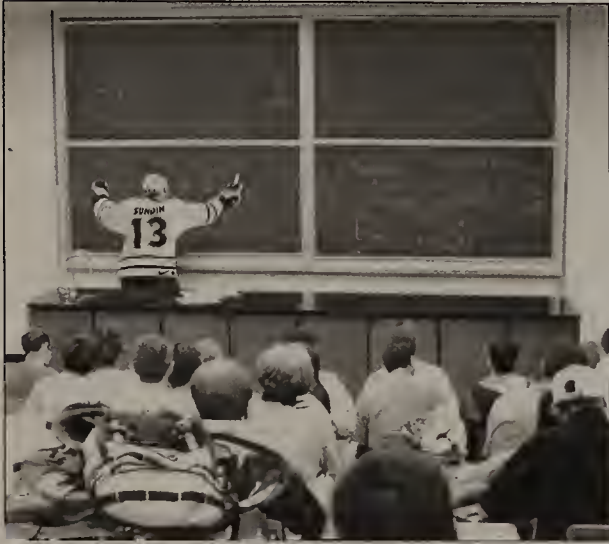
ISN'T NOT PHOTOGRAPHY

It's not too late to sign
up for the Toike!
Wanna write humour, draw
comics, work with graphics,
take pictures?

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T's funniest paper!

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SUNDIN TRADED TO TOIKE, LEAFS GET BAHEN CENTRE IN SUPRISE DEAL



ABOVE: Mats Sundin teaches "Quantum Mechanics of Hockey"

TORONTO (TOIKE) – MAPLE LEAFS FANS around the city were in a state of outrage, and the University of Toronto campus was in a tumult, following the lunchtime announcement of a blockbuster deal between the Toronto Maple Leafs and U of T's Toike Oike newspaper.

Following several days of media blackout, a joint announcement was made at the steps of the Bahen Centre for Information Technology. In a clear-cut case of liquidating assets for short-term gain, the Toike Oike sent the brand new \$104.6 million (CAD) Bahen Centre packing after just a few weeks of service. In return, the editor of the Toike Oike, Mark Jaggassar, stated: "we now have a solid leader who will lead us to total victory on campus."

Hockey critics around the nation jammed the phone lines at the ACC, desperately trying to find out what Pat Quinn

had to say about this latest development in the Maple Leaf dynasty. In his statement to the press today, Quinn said, "I like this new Bahen kid. No one is going to mess with 8 storeys of brick, mortar, steel, and glass."

In his statement to the press today, Quinn said, "I like this new Bahen kid. No one is going to mess with 8 storeys of brick, mortar, steel, and glass. Not only that, but Bahen comes with his own water filtration plant too. That's called a bargain in this business. Though the loss of our captain may seem like a step in the wrong direction, it was actually a necessary measure to end our Stanley Cup drought."

Amid the controversy of the press conference, some confusion remains about the validity of this trade. The faculty of Applied Science and Engi-

neering was not available for comment, but the Chair of Computer Science, E. Fiume, was clearly upset at the loss of both office and teaching space: "How are we supposed to teach our students to become code monkeys without new equipment and classrooms? This is an outrage. I have not been consulted in this matter and it is nothing short of highway robbery."

When approached about the concerns raised by Mr. Fiume, Mark Jaggassar responded "Well yes, it's highway robbery because now we have Mats heading the inaugural Sundin Swedish IKEA Department of Electrical Engineering. Fiume clearly has his facts wrong. Besides... uhm...Mats is already here, and...well, Bahen has the Leafs really excited, so it's too late to go back on anything."

Response around the league has been mixed, and the commissioner

has made mention of intervening in this strange case. Regardless, coaches in the Eastern Conference are in a state of panic with the addition of the towering Bahen Centre to the Maple Leafs line up. Similar deals may be made in a mad scramble to even the balance of power within the league. Already, the New York Rangers have announced interest in the Empire State Building, and the Chicago Blackhawks are reportedly trying to work out a deal to snag the Sears Tower.

One disgruntled fan lamented on Bay St.: "This is a sad, sad day for hockey. Long have I rued the day this would happen."

INSPECTOR GADGET TOPPLES HUSSEIN REGIME

BAGHDAD (REUTERS) - IN A SHOW OF force not seen since he defeated Dr. Claw's Weather Machine, Inspector Gadget toppled the regime of Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein yesterday afternoon. Iraq stands accused by the United States of developing biological, chemical, and nuclear weapons programs, and of being affiliated with the international terrorist organization MAD.

According to reports from the scene, Gadget became lost in Iraq while en-route to Madagascar, where he was planning to foil MAD's new hiccup-inducing device. Iraqi intelligence suspected that Gadget was a foreign agent, and Hussein ordered his immediate capture and execution.

The two guards who were sent after Gadget were foiled by the accidental release of his Go-Go Gadget Lasso, which snared the two as they attempted to sneak up behind the confused Inspector. Reports from the scene suggest that the lasso was actually deployed by Gadget's niece Penny, who along with the family dog Brain, secretly smuggled herself in Gadget's suitcase. A visibly tired Penny told reporters, "It was Uncle Gadget who did all the work; I just tried to stay out of the way."

Hussein was not deterred by the failure of his henchmen, and ordered a renewed attempt to kill Gadget by crushing his car with a large boulder as it passed under one of Iraq's nu-

merous cliffs. This plan was disrupted when Gadget mistakenly activated his Go-Go Gadget Car Seat Ejector while reaching for the air conditioning. The seat collided with the falling rock and deflected it to safety.

Fearing for his own safety, Hussein ordered the entire Iraqi military to pursue Gadget. However, even with over two million soldiers, the army proved no match for the Go-Go Gadget Car Glue Gun. The adhesive paste neutralized wave after wave of attacking soldiers as Gadget accidentally activated it while trying to change his oil.

After the defeat of his army, Hussein went on state television to announce his resignation as 'President for Life of Iraq'. The broadcast, which was shown on Al-Jezera television, triggered OPEC to dramatically reduce oil prices.

Although he has received the highest awards of many nations, including a Congressional Medal of Freedom, a Knighthood, and the Order of Canada, Gadget declared to reporters that he refuses to rest until Claw and the entire MAD organization are brought to justice. "Though I may have defeated one of Claw's lackeys today," he said, "I will not eat or sleep until he is captured and the world is safe once again!" Gadget then proceeded to consume most of the lunch provided to the reporters.

Knifey McStabkins

UNIVERSITY OF WATERLOO CHANGES NAME TO "UNIVERSITY OF MICROSOFT"

TORONTO (TOIKE) - UNIVERSITY OF Waterloo continues to discuss options for a new title.

In an anonymous statement to the press earlier this week, University of Waterloo president David Johnston allegedly released information describing the university's plans to change its name to the "University of Microsoft." The decision has been labeled controversial by many parties, however plans for the switch seem to be carrying on without hesitation or consultation of students or faculty.

When questioned about the decision, Johnston stated, "This university has needed an update for years. We cannot expect to grow if we do not demonstrate willingness to accept change. This selection has nothing to do with the recent funding from Microsoft for our engineering program. We have been considering many names and certainly were not threatened or..." Due to microphone difficulties, the rest of the president's

statement could not be heard.

The new name was just one of many recent changes taking place at the University of Waterloo. Other unrelated adjustments include the destruction of any non-Microsoft software on campus, and significant revisions to the new textbook lists. For instance, the first-year computer engineering course, ECE101, will now be using the text *Helping Microsoft Make Obscene Amounts of Money* by Bill Gates.

Despite claims that the name switch has no ties to the financial support from Microsoft, Frank Clegg, a representative from the company was present at the forum. When questioned of his thoughts on the recent events, his cryptic comment was stated in a demonic voice: "One day you will all bear our name." After the statement, Clegg replaced his black gloves and promptly left the meeting.



HOW TO CONDUCT A HOCKEY NIGHT IN CANADA INTERVIEW



by
Darcy Tucker

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ALL DYING TO know: when are the Leafs finally going to bring the Cup back to Toronto, Darcy? Well, I'll give you the same answer I gave Ron McLean when he asked me last year: "We have a strong team this year, and we're all ready to give 110%. We don't want to get ahead of ourselves, so we're gonna take it one game at a time, play to our strengths, and hopefully score some goals and have a great time out there."

Now, I know what you're thinking. Where did Darcy learn to speak so eloquently? He must have a degree in public speaking or something, to be able to think on his feet like that. Well, I'm going to let you in on a little secret: I'm not actually saying anything at all! I just made that shit up off the top of my head!

Try this next time you're watching Hockey Night in Canada: take a piece

of paper, and write down the question I'm asked. Then, listen to my long-winded answer, and see if there is any correlation between the two. I'll bet you can't find one!

I've got a list of clichés longer than Theo Fleury's rap sheet. All I have to do is fill in the blanks! Consider the following example, taken from a game last year against Philly, in which we were losing 3-2 going into the third:

"Well, what can I say? We weren't hustling there as much as the Flyers in the last period, and they capitalized on all their chances. I can't take anything away from the other team, I mean, they were great out there, skating hard. We've gotta go into the dressing room *sniff* and regroup for the third period. We still have 20 minutes of hockey left, so we take it one period at a time, *sniff* that's all you can ask for, Ron. Get out there, cycle the puck down low, and hopefully create some chances *sniff*. The point shot has been big for us all season, so if we can turn our power play around, hopefully we can uh... come out on top. Thanks."

This was one of my most well received works, scoring me the Blowhard Trophy for Most Bullshit Interview at the NHLPA awards last year. Did I shed light on some obscure aspect of the hockey game that only a player would be able to comment on? Hell no!

Here is another perfect example of how to give absolutely NO information, by stringing buzzwords together into sentences. Note also the use of well-placed *sniffing* to buy time to remember the rest of my canned speech:

"I have to give credit to Cujo on this one. He *sniff* makes the puck look like a beach ball out there. He's on fire tonight. We've been moving the puck well, *sniff* avoiding the trap, and I really think that's *sniff* worked to our advantage. Gotta work them down low, *sniff* keep it physical, and bring the puck out. You know, win the battles, *sniff* and create some turnovers. We have some big guys that like to shoot the puck, and *sniff* our defense can really carry the puck out of the zone. Keep them guessing, that's what it's all about. Not a problem."

The best thing about that game was, the score was 6-5! Joseph couldn't stop a beach ball that night if he tried. And get this: we were playing Detroit. When was the last time the Red Wings played the trap? I don't know either, but apparently we avoided it by "moving the puck"! To prove how ignorant you people are, I didn't get a single letter from a fan, pointing out the errors.

Finally, let me leave you with a veritable gem. Talk about stating the obvious:

"What if it goes to overtime? Well, we have to move the puck, find the open man, drive the net, and uh... get the goal. And those overtime goals really seem to be the ones that win games for us, so we'll really push if it goes to that. Thanks."

Look at me! I'm a stupid hockey fan! You mean to tell me, if you score in overtime, you usually win? Whoa, this totally changed my life! Who conducted that study?

Best of all, you can apply this canned-cliché approach to almost any life situation! If your boss asks how your project is coming along, you can just say "Well, you know, I take it one day at a time, but I'm throwing everything I've got at this thing, and it's only a matter of time before some good stuff happens." Your boss will probably be so impressed, he'll probably promote you on the spot!

Suffice to say, next time you watch me on Hockey Night In Canada, "giving 110%" (ha, like that's even possible), you'll realize that I am full of shit.

And, I'd just like to say hi to my grandfather and all the gang back in Castor, Alberta, I know you're all reading this. Good night, suckers.



ABOVE: Tucker celebrating with ex-teammate Sundin

I AM A FROSH PARTY ANIMAL



by Marty J. Figgler

MY FRIENDS, I HAVE TO TELL YOU, this year's frosh celebration was really awesome! The University of Toronto has really topped itself. This is by far one of their best frosh celebrations ever. I should know; I have been a frosh for the last 10 years in a row.

That may look like a typo to most, but all my friends and family know that I'm addicted to the spirit of frosh week. Just a few days ago, when I called my good friend Tommy Sheppard to tell him all the cool stuff we did at this year's events, he came right out and called me a "Frosh Party Animal." Tommy's the coolest. I met him when I was a frosh in '96. He's just one of the many cool friends I have made over the years.

For those of you that missed it, some of this year's good times included: getting dressed up in fat suits and fighting like sumo wrestlers, watching a hypnotist make a girl believe she was Britney Spears, and getting really wasted at the engineering party at Fort York.

I thought I was going to go blind I was so wasted! I downed eight beers in the first hour and that was pretty good considering how much I pre-drunk at Jamie Mitchell's house party. Once the bouncers kicked me out, I walked over to the Lakeshore and barricaded the road with metal fencing and yelled: "Frosh spirit, suckas!" at all the cabbies who got out of their cars. Then I got a little lonesome, so I found a pylon and wore it on my head (as a disguise) to sneak back into the engineering party. It worked! Everyone started calling me the "Pylon Man." And I got a lot of free drinks after that - too many. I must have blanked out hard 'cause I woke up the next morning in a ditch. That's what frosh is all about, my friends. I can't wait till next September comes around so I can do it all over again, for the eleventh time in a row.

I still remember my very first year being a frosh, exactly one decade ago.

Oh man, saying that out loud sounds weird; I can't believe I'm going to be thirty soon. Shouts out to my first ever frosh leaders Randy K. and Laurent N. You guys really showed me how to party like a university student should. I will never forget the tricks you taught me with the funnel. After the wicked frosh week though, school lost all its charm. So I dropped out a few months later and took a high-status job at the Mr. Christie plant. I thought I had found my niche. Then September rolled around again, and some of my friends started telling me I should give school another shot. Julian, my friend from high school who was working with me at Mr. Christie during the summer, made a joke that it would be funny if I were a frosh again 'cause he was going to be a leader that year.

My friends, am I ever glad I listened to him. Jules, I don't know what you are up to these days, but if you ever need a job, you can come back and work with me at the plant; I'll be a supervisor starting this winter. I'm sorry again that I kissed your girlfriend the one time on high school prom night. And a couple of times more during the summer. And the night of commencement as well, but I never told you about that time.

Now, frosh week has become a yearly tradition for me. Every year I re-register for school, book off work for the first week of September, and start counting the days until I can kick some serious frosh party-ass! Then, after the week is over, I log onto ROSI and drop all my classes. It's funny, because I always pick weird classes like 'Parasitic Helminths and



ABOVE: Here's me passed out at kick-ass engineering party wearing a pylon. Thanks for rolling me onto my stomach

Arthropods', 'Evian Biology' or 'Wittgenstein'. Who's taking this stuff, really? Not me. Get a life.

My boss at work, Mr. Mervin, tells me that I'm wasting my vacation time when I sign up for the week of fun at the University, and that I should use my week off to go someplace exotic like Mexico. But he doesn't know what it is to be a frosh. He's just bitter that he was never college material like me. And why would I spend all that money on airplane tickets, hotel rooms, and

See PARTY ANIMAL on page 5

Point - Counterpoint



I think my Prof really hates me
by Paul Newtal

"That pompous prick!...[he has] lost all touch with reality."

I'm really beginning to think my Professor doesn't like me. He comes into class every morning with a scowl, and just gets angrier as the lecture wears on. I need this course to pass, and I'm really trying, but this isn't high school anymore!

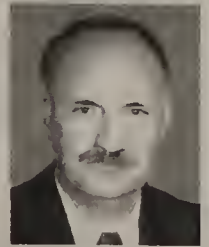
This stuff can get really tough, but my prof would never admit to that! He just sits there, glaring down from his Ivory Tower, thinking about how dumb we are and how we aren't "applying ourselves." I try my hardest to pay attention and not fall behind, but he keeps on changing the damn notation! I feel like I'm getting stupider after every class!

I attend both lecture sections every week just to try and keep up. But it's still not enough. I failed the midterm and I just don't know what I'm going to do next! I've tried approaching him and asking questions, but he just tells me that if I've missed the concepts by now, then maybe post-secondary education isn't for me.

That pompous prick! I'm just trying to survive in his class and he has the nerve to say that! I swear, some profs have lost all touch with reality.

I hate those fucking kids!
by Professor John Mangelas

"Dejected bunch of lollygaggers...this isn't high school anymore!"



I hate those fucking kids. They come into class every morning looking like a dejected bunch of lollygaggers with no will to learn. What I teach is interesting, but this isn't high school anymore!

The material is more advanced; students must expect this and learn to adapt. You'd think most students would. But not my class: this unfocused MTV generation stagnates in their chairs, hoping I'll be there to spoon feed them every step of the way. Sometimes I think they are getting dumber with every passing lecture!

If the students actually attended my class, I might be inclined to help them. But to pass this course, they're going to have to give me a reasonable effort first. Most of my class couldn't even pass my latest midterm! Well I've got news for them. If they won't make the effort to come to class, then I certainly won't help them during my off-time. University isn't a free ride; nor is it for the faint of heart.

Stupid fucking kids! If only they would actually apply themselves, they might be able to understand something.

Vladimir the Pimp

F!rosh Week: Harmless Fun or Cult Initiation?



by Jemima Butterworth

TORONTO (TOIKE) - JEMIMA Butterworth Goes Undercover to Discover the Truth About this Yearly Ritual

I awaken early, and don the garb of a typical first-year U of T student: jeans, t-shirt, and giant afro wig. On the trip down to campus, I draw nary a stare from passers by; I take this to mean that my disguise is an overwhelming success. Upon my arrival, I joined with several hundred students as we are herded into groups and paraded in front of coverall-clad upper years known only as the *Leaders*.

These *Leaders* are upper-year students who have worked their way up the ranks to become the lieutenants - dare I say enforcers - of a mysterious man who calls himself the "DEAN". Initially, we are all blissfully unaware of the power this man wields. We know naught of his methods, his mindset, or even his real name. But it is clear to all that the *Leaders* both respect and fear him, which is a frightening thought indeed, considering how imposing they seem to all of us.

For over an hour, the *Leaders* shout indoctrinating chants at us, hosing down those who refuse to participate with high-powered water guns. Our spirits broken, we are paraded into the great hall, where we are given our uniforms and forced to take an oath of loyalty. The "DEAN" eventually emerges from his secluded chambers to welcome us into his fold. His arrival is met by wild cheers from the *Leaders*, and the entire crowd

is silenced by the words of this man, who controls the fate of thousands through sheer force of will. He is followed by his generals: the chief recruitment agent, the government lobbyist, the *Leaders* of the armed forces, and the activities coordinator (some of the things they do here actually don't seem so bad: I kind of like attending seminars and digging ditches...at least, I think I do).

When at last the procession of speakers is finished we are marched into the streets for a tour of the grounds. "Here," says one *Leader*, "is where you shall eat." "Here," screams another, "is where you shall sleep." We are taken past huge repositories of ancient books and scrolls, some dating as far back as the 1950's. No one knows what horrible rituals and incantations they might contain. Trudging for hours under the blazing sun, the *Leaders* seem impervious to the heat, while the rest of us struggle to stay on our feet. At last, we are taken to a decrepit old building where we are fed a thin, low-protein sandwich, and an unidentifiable, fizzing

beverage. Then, the chanting starts again. More and more of my companions have become zombified: their eyes are hollow, their voices are monotone, and their hairstyles are somehow less flamboyant than when the day began. Even I am beginning to succumb to the will of the *Leaders* and their wonderful and loving master, the almighty, all-powerful "DEAN".

Hurray! We're going on another walk around the grounds. This heat's not so bad after all. Hey, the wonderful *Leaders* are starting another lovely chant. I love chants, and I love the *Leaders*, and I love U of T, and I especially love the "DEAN". He's the most perfect person ever, and when the magic monkey comes back from Ozmodiar 7 the "DEAN" will show him how we are all living in peace and prosperity, and we'll all be granted eternal life and happiness. I never want to leave this loving, caring

environment, because if I do, I'll be cast into Hell with all the other sinners who don't listen to the word of the "DEAN".

So, there's really no story here at Frosh orientation day, and there's no reason for any other reporters to come here. It's just a bunch of young men and women hanging out and having fun. It has absolutely nothing to do with mind control or world domination...all hail the "DEAN".

PARTY ANIMAL

Continued from page 4

travel toiletries, when I can buy a frosh kit for \$80 and have the time of my life right here in good old Toronto, Ontario, voted one of the best cities in the world!

Anyway, frosh week has become a way of life for me. It's an escape from lugging around heavy boxes full of cookies 12 hours a day, 4 days a week. Sure, I've thought about completing my education. Moving up in the workforce. Maybe starting my own business. But then I tell myself, "Could I really go on knowing that I could never be a frosh again?" Where else can you recreate the feeling you get from frosh week? Feeling like you're shedding an old layer of skin, breaking out of your cocoon, putting behind you five years of grade school shenanigans, and looking forward to a prestigious four years of higher education and a world of limitless possibilities.

You find a place, then we'll talk.

I thought winning 35 bucks at the EX casino this summer would have been the highlight of my year. But nope, you frosh coordinators managed to outdo yourselves once again. My kudos to you. See you next year.

AND THEIR STUPIDER ANSWERS

Question 4 and 5: Biology

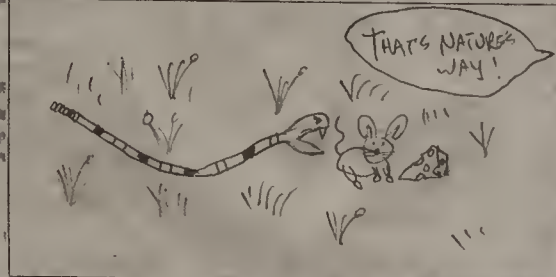
Your response:

My biology told me to tell you, "Fuck you"

"If I'm supposed to know this, kill me now....If this is in fact a real test then I would be dead now, so it doesn't really matter."

"Well it all goes back to this one time at band camp when I was making a fire and I have no idea what you're talking about."

Your response:



Question 7: Logic & Computer Science

The same 20-bit sequence is transmitted four times over a very noisy line. The received sequences are:

```

"0000 0101 1101 1110 1000"
"1011 0011 0000 1000 0011"
"1010 1100 0100 1001 1110"
"0001 1010 1011 1000 1101"
  
```

did you get this
der from the
matrix
some thing?

After receiving the transmissions, you learn that the last 6 bits of the sequence represent a checksum.

Your solution:

I'm in Indy... is this really necessary?

Typical Frosh
(Artist's rendition)

"This summer I learned that the mullet is not dead. It's just hiding in automotive factories, rubbing itself on all the new and trendy cars which will one day infect the great people of this nation. The mullet invasion is near!"

"Il y a beaucoup d'anglais ici. Je ne comprends pas. Après, utilisez les mots plus simples pour les personnes comme moi."

"This test is demeaning. It gives no real indication of the abilities of the students who take it. It works to undermine our level of confidence when we haven't even begun our university education. I believe that the administrators should reconsider this mandatory exam."

Forcing students to write the PSAT on the first day is ridiculous. It has been almost two years since I have taken most of the courses covered, and a year for the other. Many students, including myself, have never taken some of the courses at all."

Question 9: Bilingual Communication

"I don't know. I don't speak French."

"Au Revoir <- That's Bye in French!"

"To a casual observer, this may appear to be a bucnahide exam."

"I failed grade 8 French."

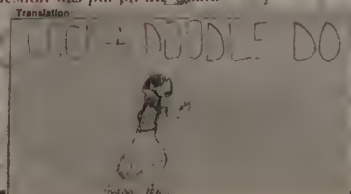
"Spanish is NOT part of our official language in Canada!"

"Le Français n'est pas un sujet requis. Cette question vous ne devriez pas inclure l'année prochaine. C'est trop facile de voir que cette 'test', n'est rien qu'une blague quand on met des questions comme celui-ci."

P.S.: Pouvez vous lire ceci? Familialité avec les deux langues officiel de Canada est essentiel. [spelling & grammatical errors left intact]

-That's why this question was put on the exam!

Your guess is as good as mine on this one.



Question 8: English Communication

Your response:

MATH AND SCIENCES ARE CONFUSING

PSAT FAQ

Q: So was that really a joke?

A: Yes.

Q: But seriously though, that was a joke, right?

A: Yes.

Q: Ha ha, that Dmitrevsky guy who ran the first tutorial was funny, in a scary way. He's not always like that, is he?

A: Actually, he is.

Q: Can I get the REAL solutions?

A: No. We don't know how to do most of them, anyway. I mean, MAYBE after first year calculus we could have solved that first problem, but we've forgotten it all by now.

Q: Aw, I spent my entire summer studying for this aptitude test! Was all that time wasted?

A: Yes Teresa, I'm afraid it was. It just goes to show you, marks aren't everything!

Q: So can I go tell all my friends in high school about how this test is fake?

A: Please don't. Let them experience the same surprise you did.

Q: You guys suck, I figured it out before the test even started. Aren't I cool?

A: No.

Q: I wrote something funny, but it wasn't printed here...why?

A: Your test may have been "marked" by a 2nd-year student. They're almost as stupid as frosh! Or maybe it just wasn't that funny.

Q: So...c'mon. Was that really a joke?

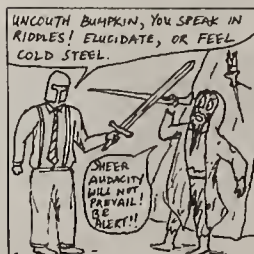
A: YES! Well, except for questions 1-7. Those were real.

Comics

Adventurer's Mark

By Kevin Au

For past issues and other comics:
<http://individual.utoronto.ca/kev>



Quid Pro Quo

By Vladimir the Pimp

"Your monthly dose of Latin America"



(Face it, you're stuck in a dead end job)



(But don't let the bastards grind you down)



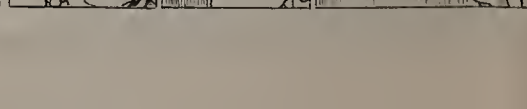
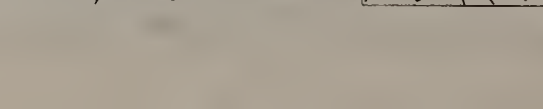
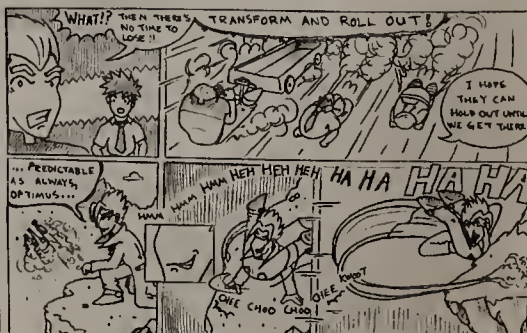
(Fuck off!) (What prevents me from speaking the truth with a smile?)

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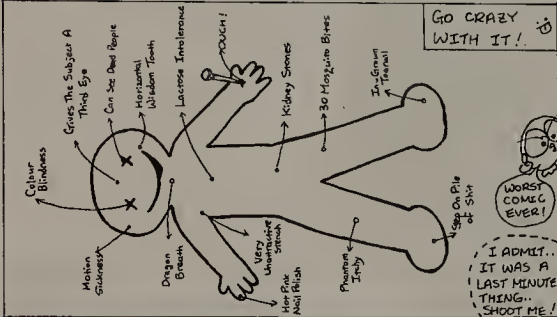
TRANSFORMERS

PEOPLE PRETENDING TO BE ROBOTS IN DISGUISE

by AdMan



Hate You



FROSH ADVICE: HOW TO GET A GIRL

LET'S FACE IT, GUYS NEED ALL THE HELP THEY CAN GET WHEN IT COMES TO getting a girl. Your little world has changed since high school. There is no mom or dad to wash the filth out of your clothes, so you had better be pretty secure with your masculinity, as you are bound to make the fatal error of putting all your goods in one washing basket, with pink socks and boxer shorts being the inevitable result. Most importantly, you will no longer be able to "enjoy your own company" since the roommate may learn of your naughty little one-handed secret. So what you need to get is a more respectable way of getting your business handled: get yourself a girlfriend.

But this is University, Frosh, where *real* women with *actual* intelligence thrive, so you're gonna have to get a lot craftier with your wooing practices.

The first thing to do is hook up with an Artsie. Because you come from two different worlds, yours being practical and useful, hers being a highway to government assistance, the two of you are destined to hit it off. In fact, she will be so enthralled that you know stupid things like the periodic table of elements, she'll mistake you for someone of intellectual capacity.

Mostly, though, she will be so impressed that you're actually paying her some attention that she won't notice how all your socks are pink and that sometimes you forget to floss your teeth. She will even think your dinner dates at the local McDonald's are "cute".

Since Emo [Ed: emotional] girls are "in" right now, it would be best to buy a *Dashboard Confessional* or *Saves The Day* album. It's not important that you believe in that sensitive crap, it only matters that she *thinks* you do. Fooling an Artsie is as easy as stealing a cane from a cripple, so don't sweat it.

So now that you've bagged a girl, how do you keep her? You can try honesty, respect and love, as these seem to be avenues for a long and healthy relationship. But you are in The Sciences, so why should real life not be a social experiment as well?

Might I suggest that on her birthday you buy her something she has absolutely no use for. When she indicates to you how ungrateful she is, it's important to act deeply shocked and offended: "Baby...what do you mean you don't like this 24 of Molson I bought you? Do you know how much of my OSAP I had to spend on this? Sure I thought of you...didn't you notice how each can fits perfectly into your delicate hands? NO! You can't have one! If you don't appreciate my gift, then I will give it to someone who will." At this point, rub your stomach, and hug the whole thing in front of her. Not only will she feel bad about wrinkling her nose in snobbery, she will also be privy to a private show of you getting hammered without her—and nothing says fun like getting drunk by yourself!

If you want to keep your girl, try replacing her birth control pills with breath mints. This is actually really funny and girls seem to like it. But if you don't want to keep her, when she calls and tells you that she is "late", might I suggest that you also show up so late for your next date that you disappear altogether. Girls seem to like that, too.

Now listen Frosh, these are just tips. I can't do all the work for you.

FROSH ADVICE: HOW TO GET A BOY

LET'S FACE IT, GIRLS NEVER NEEDED ANY HELP GETTING GUYS WHATSOEVER. So unless you're very "unfortunate looking", you needn't bother reading this.

Life is not gonna be much different than high school. You will notice that the "boys" of High School are strikingly similar to the "men" of University. Don't dwell too much on this, just accept this ugly social truth.

The first thing you'll need to do as a young, female university student is hook up with an Engineering student. So many of these guys are socially retarded and chronically single that any girl is a "great" girl. Your odds of picking up a dude in The Sciences is about as good as you not realizing your ex-boyfriend replaced your Birth Control pills with breath mints—what an asshole, huh?

Really, the only thing you need to do to get a guy to notice you is to look at him for too long. Now, you can't look at him for such a prolonged period of time that you look like you're waiting to get hit by a Mack truck. You just have to let him know that you noticed him.

With enough BEVERages, he will come up to you, so you need to head to The Brunswick House where drunk boys with no self-esteem are plentiful. Remember the only equation you're gonna need to know in life: Cheap Beer=Drunk Boys=Easy Pickings.

Engage him in small talk and ask him stupid questions like, "What's your favourite coffee?" He'll be so enthralled that a girl is talking to his smalltown-ass that he will give up secrets like a pimple under pressure.

But now you may find yourself in a predicament: The Drunk Boy just won't shut up. Well, payback is a bitch. Once you rope him into a relationship, you will teach him how painful it is to hear one person go on about any one thing. Might I suggest talking to him about things he'll never understand like fashion, literature and being sensitive to your needs.

But I bear you, how do I "rope him into a relationship?" Easy! With so much beer in his system, he won't remember what he's done. Take him back to your dorm room, let him pass out on your bed, and roll him over on whichever side the smell is least offensive. Make sure to take off his Khakis and to avoid snickering at his pink boxers (that might wake him up).

When morning arrives, be sure to get up at least an hour before him. Go down to the Second Cup and get him a cup of his favourite coffee and when he wakes up in the morning present it to him and say: "I really enjoyed last night and I do want to make things work with us, just like you said. Here...I even bought you your favourite coffee."

First of all, he will be blown away by the mere prospect that he MIGHT have been blown. Second, he will be blown away that you're a girl actually talking to him. Third, he'll figure that everything you said must be truthful since you've got a cup of his favourite Java—he will think you are a goddess of mythical proportions. But really, you'll have paid \$1.15 for someone to kill those spiders that collect in the corners of your room, to rub your back when you're feeling tired and to take notes for you in class when you don't feel like going.

Now listen, Frosh, these are just tips. I can't do all the work for you.

The Chung

Skule™ Nite OT3

Auditions:

October 7, 9, 11, 15, 17
From 6:30 to 9pm

No experience required

Things to know:

- 1) Pre-register on-line
- 2) Wear comfortable clothing you can move in.
- 3) Prepare a song you know well to sing unaccompanied.
- 4) Scripts will be provided, so don't bother creating a monologue.
- 5) Acting auditions happen in pairs. You can pick your partner if you wish.

Any questions?

skulenite@skule.ca

skulenite.skule.ca



Tech Support!

EA Welcomes Gamers to the Real World

by Dexter Norton

ELECTRONIC ARTS HAS TAKEN VIRTUAL REALITY TO A WHOLE NEW LEVEL with their latest installment in the Sims dynasty: *The Sims 3: Welcome to the Real World*.

Video game fans have been clearing games from *The Sims* series off the shelves ever since its initial release in 2000. The original game was a rudimentary exercise in life management, with players creating imaginary characters called Sims by allotting points to various attributes such as Neat, Outgoing, Playful, Active, and Nice. These attributes directly affected how the Sim would behave in a virtual environment that simulated day-to-day life. Gamers would relish in the simple pleasure of watching their creations go to work, watch TV, or throw up in the living room.

Times have changed since then. *The Sims 3: Welcome to the Real World* is fantasy brought to life. Players need no longer be content with simply watching Sims going about their lives on the screen. With a revolutionary technology EA has dubbed "Actual Reality", players can experience life through the eyes of a Sim!

EA spokesperson Jane Wilkenson had this to say about the Actual Reality project: "AR technology is the next generation of simulation hardware, picking up where Virtual Reality left off. The polygon-infested worlds of VR have been replaced with lifelike environments and lush, true-to-life colour that will have you exclaiming 'I can't believe it's not real!'"

In *TS 3: WTRW*, players have the opportunity to interact with people in a 100% realistic world that has been painstakingly modeled by the EA team. EA staff claims to have created the largest simulated world ever, equal in size to the planet Earth. Players are free to wander through this world, interacting with the other players that they come across. They can make friends, find love, buy a house, or party the night away. At last, players across the globe can perform previously unheard-of feats such as eating, sleeping, and working, all within a true-to-life environment.

The key to this game is a hardware peripheral packaged with the game, called "AR Goggles". Tech Support was lucky to be provided with a demo version of

the AR Goggles. With an extremely light thin-wire frame, gamers will be surprised at their remarkable similarity to normal glasses. EA took a gamble and decided that a user manual was not necessary, due to the AR Goggles' "intuitive ergonomic design." When worn, the glasses activate immediately, performing an instantaneous but unnoticeable switch from the normal world to Actual Reality.

At first I was confused, and asked for help turning the device on, because I couldn't see anything new. "The differences are subtle," warned Wilkenson, "and cannot be consciously detected by the novice user. This is exactly how the AR Goggles are intended to perform, so do not be alarmed if you cannot see the difference between real life and AR. You are, in fact, completely immersed in the Sims world, and are seeing the world through the eyes of a Sim." I couldn't believe it wasn't real! Despite a lack of any external cues from the device, I was assured that the glasses were functioning properly.

Wilkenson suggested that I put the glasses through their paces, so I pulled a chocolate bar out of my desk and took a bite. I was astonished at the realism of the chocolate flavour simulation. It tasted so real! But nothing could prepare me for what I saw when I walked out of the Tech Support lab and onto the street.

Imagine, looking at the street and seeing people walking along the sidewalk, and cars driving by! The pungent odour of garbage at the side of the road, the sounds of bicycle riders ringing their bells, it was all

there! I stopped a Sim on the sidewalk and introduced myself. He looked at me funny, said "Hi?" and continued on his way! Remarkable!

We walked back into the office, I took off the glasses and everything returned to normal. "As you can see, the potential of AR technology is endless. We are only beginning to scratch the surface," beamed a proud Wilkenson.

This was an experience I will not soon forget. I highly recommend this product, for its multi-sensory entertainment value, and life-changing potential. *The Sims 3: Welcome to the Real World* will retail for \$999 (including AR Goggles), and it is worth every penny. Expect to see millions of users in the near future wearing Actual Reality Goggles as they stumble around, interacting in the amazingly real world of *The Sims 3: Welcome To the Real World*. I will see you there, and maybe we can even be friends.



Release date: Nov 2002

Toike at the Movies

by Randy Cabbage

(Warning: Our movie reviews give away critical plot information including surprise twists. May also contain some minor factual errors.)

MINORITY REPORT IS A MOVIE THAT WILL APPEAL TO EVERYONE WHO SEES it because it is directed by Steven Spielberg and stars Tom Cruise. It is a bewildering movie and I have not seen a movie like this since I saw it three months ago.

The year is 2054 and John Anderton (Tom Cruise) is head of Pre-Crime, a high-tech law enforcement system that detects murders before they're committed. Anderton spends his days arresting would-be murderers and his nights spending quality time with his wife and kid who are 3D computer holograms. He also has a drug addiction and likes to eat cereal. When Cruise (Anderton) is framed for committing a murder in the future, he runs away from the police, and gets away because a dog is barking.

Cruise (Tom) keeps running away and runs into the Lexus factory because he wants to see what the new Lexus will look like. He likes it so much, he steals the newest one before it is even fully assembled, and starts pleasuring himself while the car is being built around him. Then he sits up and says to the car, "You complete me."



The chase scene inside of the factory is arguably the best action sequence of the

ABOVE: Cruise points his gun at a hologram and asks: "You talking to me? You talking to me? There's no one else here, damn it!"

film. Spielberg shows off his talent; he is clearly the director of this film, and Lexus is clearly the car we should all be buying in the future.

The problem for John Anderton at this point is that mechanical robot spiders are trying to eat his eyeballs. So he has to go see an eye specialist who can switch his eyes for him. Unfortunately the eye doctor holds a grudge against John (Tom) and to get back at him, he performs the operation that Anderton (Cruise) asked of him, and then sneezes all over his face.

Spielberg then provides the audience with some comic relief. There is a hysterical slapstick comedic scene where Tom Cruise starts kicking his own eyeballs around the police station. He keeps muttering to himself, "Damn it! Damn eyes! Damn it!" All the while his face is swollen and melted, making the whole thing even more hilarious.

Suddenly, Colin Farrell (Detective Ed Witwer), the Irish leprechaun who had been chasing Cruise for an hour and a half, gets shot in the stomach. In a poignant scene, just before dying, Farrell desperately attempts to take off his necklace, and eat the lucky charms that he keeps tied around his neck for good luck.

Cruise then kidnaps a hologram-woman that lives in a Jacuzzi, because she can see the future and can predict for him what will happen unless he decides not to let it happen. Every time the Jacuzzi hologram asked "Can you see?" I replied 'yes' but no one in the theatre laughed. At one point I stood up, took off one of my loafers and held it threateningly at the screen warning her not to ask that question again.

Minority Report is a dark slap in the face. It's a wake up call for all Gap employees to start greeting people a hell of a lot more pleasantly at the door otherwise they will get replaced by holograms. The movie is so dark at times that I strongly recommend you wear an indigo watch.



Minority Report receives four and a half cabbages on the vegetable scale. Still showing in some theatres.



Horoscopes

Aries March 21 – April 19
You will lose your nose and left hand to leprosy.

Taurus April 20 – May 20
Diamonz may be a shortie's best friend, but there be a different kind of rock that be more lucrative. Prices gonna fly through tha roof when dem Cubans' ship gets busted by tha Fed. Grab that shit under yo mattress, and hawk it fo' some serious scratch.

Gemini May 21 – June 21
A long journey awaits you. When you finally arrive at the mountain temple entrance, make sure to tell them that you saw their ad in Eye Magazine, and admission will be haif-price for a friend.

Cancer June 22 – July 22

Hope you like cancer, because that's what's forming in your colon, brain, and white blood cells right now.

Leo July 23 – August 22
A butterfly flaps wings in China. Don't worry; ths doesn't really concern you.

Virgo August 23 – September 22

You will fail to impress your friends when you stick your tongue out at a goose nest, make weird noises, run at them, kick their nest to pieces, and crush their eggs. However, your friends will be impressed by your amazing ability to run from a flock of birds with both legs broken.

Libra September 23 – October 22

Shoot the blocks below you and go down. Go right and then down. Go left and go to the bottom of the vertical shaft. Go left and you will meet your first Alpha Metroid. After shooting him with five missiles he will die. This will trigger an earthquake.

Scorpio October 23 – November 21

You will spew anger vomit when you learn that ROSI has mysteriously changed your Intro to Calc class to Advanced Field Theory, and won't let you ehange out.

Sagittarius November 22 – December 21

One day, one day, you will rule all.

Capricorn December 22 – January 19

I like the cut of your jib, Capricorn. If you're interested in pursuing a relationship with me, please call (416) 551-3465

Aquarius January 20 – February 18

No one cares that you can recite, word-for-word, entire Simpsons episodes, so stop yelling them on the street corner.

Pisces February 19 – March 20

Your youth is disappearing before your very eyes as you waste away as a by-product of North American consumerism.

HELP WANTED

BAKERY help wanted. No exp. nec. Hairy knuckles, dandruff a must. Call Mike: 416-555-5374.

BARTENDER needed for morning shift, 6-12am. Exp w/ pathetic losers and drunkards. 905-555-1941

COURIER wanted for leading North American arms dealer. Must be skilled w/ automatic weapons. No screwing up, choo got it? We'll contact you.

ARE YOU PART OF THE REBEL ALLIANCE AND AN AMBITIOUS TRAITOR?

Busy downtown Cinnabon req's exp. manager. Call Ben @ 416-555-2085

ERRAND BOY needed to collect a bill. Start immed. Must work well in impenetrable darkness and the Horror. Hot climate! Call G. Chlurks 416-555-1298.

HANDY PERSON req'd for new Adult video and novelty store. Flexible hrs. exp w/ pipe cleaning and wall painting. Call Rod 416-555-2523

LABOURER needed for screening of new Nickelback album. Phony, sensitive, brooding applicants only. Call 905-555-2362

MAINTENANCE

Help req'd for left leg and ass cheek of local obese whale of a man. Call Ed 416-555-3664

NEEDED Swarthy young men for under-water expedition off coast of Mesopotamia. Expect all manner of life threatening ocean monsters (of biblical proportions!) BYO harpoon. Call Mr. Scorpio 265-555-2363

ORDER takers wanted for old bastard to yell at. exp. in getting the paper, moving out of the damn way and shutting the hell up an asset. Call Chester 416-555-5646

POOL boy needed to entertain housewives' wine club from 1-3, Wednesdays. Thornhill. Must have own little jean shorts. Call Cynthia 905-555-2352, sugar.

SCEPTER-RAMA seeks independent Warlock, min 3000 yrs. exp in necromancy/ devilry. Some heavy lifting. Call 416-555-3423

SUPT req'd f/t w/ exp. avail. immed. Please call 416-555-2657 and ask for Dominique Mosanderbeekworth. Thank you.

MERCH FOR SALE

DIRTY UNDIES Someone out there wants 'em. Call Rick 416-555-3765.

GOLDEN gun. Good cond. One shot kills! Call Scaramanga 905-555-1283

PSSST Cocaine, good shit. Call Sam, pager 416-555-2362

VOLKSWAGEN terrorist van w/ rocket launcher, gun rack. Some battle scarring. Good cond. Call Orville, 416-555-2534

MERCH WANTED

UNIVERSITY student seeking mannequin to come alive and be my girlfriend. Serious calls only. Inflatable love dolls OK. Call Herm, 416-555-3764

SHARED ACCOMODATION

ROOM MATE needed. I am very dangerous and pose a serious threat to myself and others. Looking for quiet, single (fe)male. AHHRGH!!!! Call ME between 4-5am. 416-555-0674

SINGLE white female looking for rugged male 25-30. No cats, blood type O negative. Uptown, Sara 416-555-2352

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FROSH ORIENTATION
PICTURES



"Look into my eyes!"



Action is his reward



It was unfortunate that Uncle Scar told Gimba to meet his father at Eaton's that day...



shut your hole... 'Bout a sorry guys



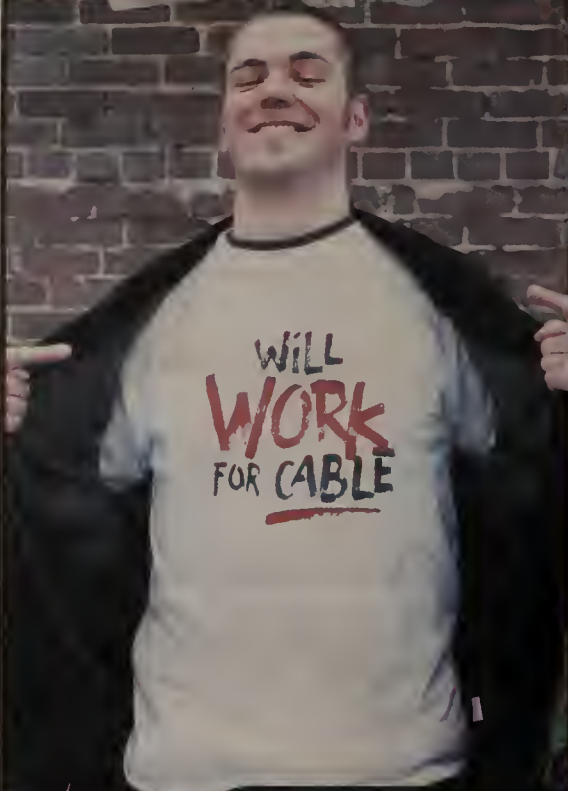
BYE FROSH, BYE!!



I'd like umm... 3 Encore's, and a Lotto 6/49... and also, can you get me 4 slim jims



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